

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.

KINGSTON, CANADA, JULY 6, 1882.

No. 12.

Queen's College Journal

Published in TWELVE NUMBERS during the Session by the
ALMA MATER SOCIETY, of Queen's University.

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TERMS:—Per Session, \$1.00; Single Numbers, 10 cents.

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The Editors must be acquainted with the name of the author of any article, whether local or literary.

THE present issue of the JOURNAL—the last of the present volume—is a fulfilment of the letter of our contract with advertisers and subscribers, although, college not being in session, no particular interest attaches to its appearance. Our last number having contained a full report of the closing exercises, with announcement of results of examinations, etc., was looked upon by the majority of our friends as the winding-up number, and inasmuch as the members of the editorial staff were like the rest of the students,

“Upon holidays intent,”

it may be inferred that they were not unwilling to let them think so. Upon a return of calmer judgment, however, we have decided to issue the present number, which will be mailed to all subscribers, including students at their homes.

With a largely increased staff of editors next session we bespeak for the JOURNAL continued success, and freedom from the numerous imperfections which the past

year's limited and altogether inadequate Editorial Board have striven to remedy with only partial success.

OUR printing contract with the *Kingston Whig* office terminates with the present number of the JOURNAL, and in taking leave of our printers we desire to express our high appreciation of the uniform courtesy, liberality and desire to please which have characterized the attaches of the *Whig* office with whom we have been thrown into contact, from proprietor to “typo.” As to the quality of the work done we need say nothing, having received time and again the most flattering encomiums from those best able to judge of the general excellence of our publication.

The JOURNAL will be printed next session at the *Daily News* office in this city.

THE Alumni and friends of Queen's are requested to contribute with more freedom to the columns of the JOURNAL during the ensuing session. Articles of a literary character will be more especially welcomed, as it is the desire of the incoming editorial staff to improve the literary tone of the paper.

In this connection we might also remind undergraduates that we largely depend upon their assistance in maintaining a *Personal* column, and that information concerning the whereabouts and successes of Alumni will be very acceptable.

BY a perusal of the Calendar for 1882-83, which has just been issued, we notice that the students of medicine at the Royal

College here are to be offered two medals for competition next session—a silver medal to the student who stands highest at the Primary examination, and a gold medal to the student holding a similar position at the Final. The medals are the gift of Dr. Murdoch Matheson, of Queensland, a graduate in medicine of this University.

THE Senate intimates to candidates for Matriculation that, after Session 1882-3, the Matriculation Examinations will be held in midsummer. Scholarships and rank will be determined by these, but supplementary examinations will be held on the last Wednesday of September. Local centres of examination will also be established.

For the determination of such local centres as shall be of most general convenience, intending candidates are requested to intimate to the Registrar their intention of presenting themselves for the Matriculation of Session 1883-4 not later than 15th April, 1883. In the meantime the Senate is prepared to make arrangements for candidates to be examined at the following places:—Kingston, Lindsay, Hamilton, Carleton Place, Cornwall, and Moncton, N.B. Particulars will be given in next year's calendar.—*Calendar*.

THE present issue of the JOURNAL will, doubtless, fall into the hands of some who contemplate entering college as matriculants in the ensuing autumn. Unlike *Mr. Punch*, our advice to such is not *Don't*, but *Wait*. There is a feverish desire among many of the youth attending High Schools—fostered not infrequently, we regret to say, by parents—to rush into college as soon as the matriculation examinations can be mastered. In the case of quite a number we admit this is none too soon, more especially when circumstances have delayed matriculation until the college intrant is of

comparatively mature age. But in the case of a majority of those who enter our American colleges it may safely be said that one, or even two years additional preparatory training in a High School, or under private tuition, would be the very best guarantee of future success. It is unwise to lead a boy of 15 or 16 years of age to believe that his mind has been adequately trained or is sufficiently mature to grasp the full benefit of the prescribed studies in the present college curriculum, with their yearly increasing comprehensiveness. If we are to have graduates possessed of something more than superficial culture, let us have intrants who have already learned to *think*, and who are fully equipped by disciplinary studies for the four years' strain, which is none too easy for the best.

IT may safely be asserted that there is no more systematic method of wasting time at college than the present lecture system. The average professor lectures away volubly for—say an hour, compelling the student who does not use short-hand to scribble away for dear life in order to preserve at most a synopsis of the subject in hand. So engrossing is the manual labour involved that the task becomes one of mere copying, and the mind, in the majority of cases, is not employed on the subject during the hour. Perhaps another hour is lost subsequently in re-writing or deciphering notes, all of which time is no small loss to a student with three or four classes. By the time the student is able to read his notes for the purpose of studying them, he has already consumed as much time as would have enabled him to master the subject had his notes been printed. We say emphatically that in classes where the lecture system is found the best method of imparting instruction, the daily lectures should be printed and handed to the students. A severe oral examination should follow on the succeeding

day, thus testing the students' knowledge of the subject from day to day, and affording the professor an opportunity of making explanations deemed necessary. By a method such as the foregoing we are satisfied that the lecture system—which, in the hands of an able professor, is acknowledged to be productive of better results than text-book work—would become more useful in stimulating daily labour in the right direction, and also prevent daily loss of time.

✧LITERARY✧

NIRVANA.

A TRANSLATION.

THERE where the holy waters flow midst ooze and reeds,
Where forest shadows guard the healing weeds,
There by the glancing river, on a moss-grown stone,
Lord Buddha sits, with thought oppressed, alone.

Far, far from mankind's tumult, only nature near,
Existence's secret seeks the holy seer;
And, as before his feet the murmuring wave deth play,
He slowly lifts his eyes, and then doth say:—

"As there below me riplet after riplet steals,
And as each wave the one before conceals,
Thus races follow races, each finds in his turn
Eternity's long rest, to ne'er return.

The current flows forever, the waves upon its top
A moment dance in light, then back they drop,
Like them beneath the sun's bright ray we glad some sport,

Then sink back to Nirvana—back to nought."
—*Collegian.*

DIDO DESERTED.

FORSAKEN Dido, lonely and forlorn,
Wand'ring in tears along the wild sea beach,
Watching the cruel waves which late had borne
Her love and life so far beyond her reach.

Striving to view from out the cloud of tears
Which veils those eyes, till now so purely bright,
The white sails of the ships; anon she hears
The wild birds screaming in their seaward flight.

She hears the sobbing of the restless sea,
Lapping the cold gray sand in its embrace,
Filling her brain with its sad melody—
She feels the salt spray damp upon her face.

Moaning she cries across the watery plain,
"Ah, love! sweet love! come back, come back to me.

I cannot bear for long this weary pain,
I cannot live and be apart from thee."

And then she listens o'er the heaving wave,
Thinking to hear from it her love reply,
But all is still and silent as the grave,
Seeming to mock her in her wild despair—
Then low she sinks upon the wind-swept shore,
Till the brown sea-weed mingles with her hair,
And cold waves wash the limbs that feel no more.
—*Rouge et Noir.*

TWO SEA SONGS.

I.

THE autumn night falls drearily;
The mist, a stole of gray,
Covers a kneeling monk, the sea:
Of all sad days that come to me
Is this the saddest day.

The lone sea to the lonelier shore
Repeats with bitter pain
Its doleful pater-nosters o'er,—
I weep for days that come no more,
And days that come again!

O lost one, whoso'er you be,
O unforgotten face,
Shine somewhere from the mist on me!
My heart grows weary by the sea,
In this familiar place.

II.

How calm the sea is, where the sun-lit billows
In silence sleep!
No more the spray-spirits from their windy pillows
Arch wet white arms above the voiceless deep:—
The sail droops from the shining mast
Like some wing-weary curlew fallen at last.

And, oh, my love is no more with me, lifting
Remember'd eyes
That look upon the purple sea-weed drifting
In wreaths about the white sand where she lies!
The winds of morning call in vain;
Nor to her ears can reach my mortal pain.

So silently I mourn her vanisht presence,
By this still sea:
Transmuted to some finer spirit-essence,
Perchance unseen her sweet self visits me;
And, tho' my life be dark without,
I know her love encloses it about.

Unseen or seen, O thou first love and dearest
Thro' all the years!
Here where thou wert, I know thou still art nearest;
By thy sea grave my sorrow first finds tears!
Yet in some far land by the sea
Could I behold the very face of thee!

—*Crimson.*

->CONTRIBUTED-<

*. We wish it to be distinctly understood that the JOURNAL does not commit itself in any way to the sentiments which may be expressed in this department.

A TRIP TO LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND LAKE GEORGE.

Dear Journal :

AT the present season of the year, when many plans are being laid by your readers for an enjoyable holiday of summer travelling, you will permit me, I am sure, to call attention to a trip which is neither difficult of accomplishment, nor to be surpassed as regards sight-seeing by any summer route on the continent. The present sketch is a reproduction of a few notes-by-the-way jotted down by the writer in the summer of 1880, when, with a party of friends, he visited the historic points enumerated below.

On the morning of the 12th July our party embarked on the steamer *Alexandra*, en route for Lake Champlain. The *Alexandra* was chosen to convey the party as far as Montreal, in order that the sensation of running the rapids in the St. Lawrence river might be thoroughly enjoyed. Under the guidance of Capt. Smith and his trustworthy pilot, passengers by this boat can rely on a sail of unequalled pleasure, the descent of the boisterous rapids on the route to Montreal being not only unattended with any danger, but positively pleasant and exciting to a degree.

Brockville, Prescott and Ogdensburg were passed at an early hour on the morning of the 13th, and as the steamer approached the Long Sault, which are the first rapids of importance, all hands gathered on deck to witness the perilous descent. Majestically the steamer approaches the boiling waters, and with scarcely a quiver of her huge timbers, is caught by the terrific current, and hurled along between hills of white foam and surging water-falls for miles, until the comparatively quiet waters of Cornwall Bay are reached. Great skill, nerve and strength are required to pilot a vessel through the rapids, and the majority of the passengers look on with breathless interest until the descent is over, when a great feeling of relief is experienced. But these are by no means the last or most dangerous of the St. Lawrence rapids. After passing Cornwall—which, we notice, is a large centre of woollen manufacturing— and crossing Lake St. Francis, we are now at the head of the Coteau Rapids. Shooting through these, we find ourselves almost immediately in the far-famed Cedars, which are rapids of great picturesque quality, the stream being divided into several channels by a number of islands. The rich evergreens which hang in primitive grandeur over the banks of these islands form a striking contrast in color to the snow-white foam which crests the turbulent waves of the river, and are a grateful relief to the eye. Following these rapids in quick succession come the Cascades, which present a fine appearance with the sun's rays falling upon the spray and creating myriads of miniature rainbows. At the foot of

the Cascades we enter Lake St. Louis, which is soot crossed, and passing between Lachine on the one side, and the Indian village of Caughnawaga on the other side of the river we arrive at the head of Lachine Rapids—the last and most perilous of all the rapids of the St. Lawrence. Keeping in mid-channel, our pilot boldly steers for what is apparently the most difficult passage. In a moment we are in the rapids, the water around us lashing itself into fury and dashing onward with grand impetuosity. Hemmed in and confined, it gathers itself into masses, and struggling for a moment leaps over sunken rocks in wild confusion. Presently we shoot between several dangerous ledges of rock, which project their rugged tops above the waves. For a moment the steamer seems to swing in a balance. Then with a violent rush she sweeps downwards, and rocking with the violence of the surging waves, plunges through swift currents and eddies to the foot of the rapids. In a few moments we are quietly resting on the placid waters of Montreal Bay.

The city of Montreal presents a fine appearance from the Bay. The immense bridge, the towering spires of the city overlooking the calm waters of the bay, with the huge mountain in the background, form a picture the general effect of which is highly pleasing. Arriving at Montreal about 7:30 p.m., our party spent the evening and the following day in visiting the numerous points of interest in and about the city. As these are all familiar to your readers it is unnecessary to describe them at length.

On the evening of the 14th we left Montreal on the small steamer *Ruby* (which was chartered for the occasion), and proceeded down the river to Sorel, a town of about 5,000 inhabitants, situated at the mouth of the Richelieu River. Turning up the latter stream, and passing several French Canadian villages, we reached Belle Isle shortly after daylight. Belle Isle is a small village on the line of the G.T.R. It was here that the great accident occurred some years ago, when an entire train broke through the bridge which spanned the river, causing great destruction of life and property. A substantial bridge is now erected at this point. After some delay we proceeded on our way through the Chambly Canal, the river in this section being shallow and full of rapids. On nearing St. John's, Que., the country gradually loses its monotonous aspect, and assumes bold and rugged features. An occasional mountain rears its isolated peak in the hazy distance, and approach to the region of the Adirondacks becomes evident on all sides. St. John's was reached about dusk on Thursday evening. This is a flourishing town with some manufacturing. It is the terminus of the Vermont Central Railroad. On the west side of the Richelieu river is a small military barracks, and on the parade ground near the railroad depot, may be seen a large cannon captured by a Canadian regiment from the Russians at Sebastopol. Our steamer remained here all night, and early the following morning started again on her course up the river. After a pleasant run of about 30 miles, we crossed the line between Canada and the United States with British colors flying. The river at this point gradually widens to the dimensions of a lake, and another half hour's sail brought us to Rouse's Point, a small village situated at the foot, or northern end of Lake Champlain. This place is named in honor of Jacques Rouse, a Canadian, who settled there in 1783. The Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad connects at this point with the Vermont Central, which latter road crosses the lake on a bridge one mile in length. A floating draw of three hundred feet, opened and shut by steam, admits the passage of vessels. About one mile north of the village, upon the banks of the lake, Fort Montgomery is situated. This fort commands the entrance to

the lake. It was begun soon after the war of 1812, but in 1818 it was found to be within the limits of Canada and the work was abandoned. It became known as "Fort Blunder," but by the Webster Treaty of 1842 it was ceded to the United States. Work upon it was resumed and the fort completed at a cost of about \$600,000. Leaving Rouse's Point about 10 a.m. on Friday, the 16th, we steamed out into the famous lake which is known by the name of its discoverer, Samuel Champlain. The Indians used to call it "The Gate of the Country," and no other name is so expressive of its importance from a military point of view. England and France have both expended life and treasure in fighting for its possession, and its waters have often been the scene of conflicts—involving Indians, French, English and Americans. Lake Champlain is about 125 miles long and varies in width from a few hundred yards to thirteen miles. Its waters are clear and deep, and are well stocked with fish of various kinds, affording excellent sport for the angler. In the spring and fall thousands of wild ducks make this their feeding ground, and the wild lands west of the lakes abound with all kinds of game.

Our first experience on this beautiful sheet of water was decidedly a pleasant one. As we sailed through the northern part of the lake—which is here very wide—a heavy breeze sprang up, which freshened until the entire surface became covered with white-crested waves, yielding a marked contrast to the naturally deep color of the water. The morning was fine, and the beautiful scenery surrounding us was observed to the best advantage. There are numerous islands at the northern end of the lake, and many points along the shore which give a charming picturesqueness to the landscape. On the New York or western side the Adirondacks tower in the distance, their blue summits joining the lighter blue of the sky with exquisite shadings of color. On the Vermont or eastern side are the verdant Green Mountains and the rich farms and quiet villages of New England.

Plattsburg, N.Y., was reached after a run of about four hours. Here in September, 1814, took place one of the most hotly contested battles between the Americans and British. The fleets of the two nations were engaged in a fierce fight on the lake, while their respective armies were at the same time in action on shore, close at hand. This double combat resulted in the total defeat of the British. In one of the houses of the town is still to be seen a twelve pound shot which entered the house during the engagement, and lodged in the wall over the staircase, where it has remained ever since.

Plattsburg is a county town of considerable importance, and is situated at the mouth of Saranac River on a plateau some fifty feet above the level of the lake. Several railroads have branches running into the town and steamers touch daily at the wharves. There are several good hotels here, the principal one being the Foquet House, from the top of which an excellent view is obtained of the lake and surrounding country. The hotel is one of the best in northern New York. We spent a few hours in Plattsburg, and leaving about 5 p.m. started for Burlington on the Vermont shore. Our course was south-east through the widest portion of the lake. The scenery on both shores as we proceeded down was simply magnificent, and as the evening was clear we could discern without difficulty the different peaks of the mountains, which are mostly all named separately after some natural peculiarity. It was our privilege before reaching Burlington to enjoy a glorious sunset on Lake Champlain, and the scene was one not easily forgotten. There were just enough clouds on the western horizon to receive a gorgeous tinge from the departing sun, and the bars of gold which streaked the gray summits of the Adirondacks, as the king of day lowered himself in his rugged bol-

seemed to the imagination like a glimpse of the far-off glory of some supernatural dwelling-place. Below these dazzling heights and almost hidden in deepening shadows were smaller mountains and rolling foot-hills, between which an occasional ray of brightness would escape, to throw a momentary lustre on the barren surroundings. The leaden sky above gradually assumed a deeper shade, in a few moments the glory of the scene had faded, the twilight gathered around, and our sunset on the lake was over.

Burlington, Vt., was reached about dark. This city is elegantly situated on a hill which rises from the lake shore, and commands a wide view of water and landscape. Its population is about 16,000. In the centre of the city is a large public square, containing a fountain and shade trees. As our arrival happened to be on the evening of their weekly open-air concert, we were entertained by the city band, which discoursed splendid music to a large crowd of promenaders on this square. Burlington is a city which combines modern attractiveness, with many interesting historical associations. Colonel Ethan Allen, the gallant Vermonter, who with his Green Mountain Boys rendered such good service during the Revolution, was often in Burlington while living, and now lies in the Green Mountain cemetery near the city, where a granite monument has been erected by the State to perpetuate his memory. The city is also the residence of several distinguished men and prominent politicians of our own day, John G. Saxe, the well known author of poetry and prose, and U. S. Senator Edmunds, one of the recent candidates of the Republican party for Presidential nomination, have resided in Burlington for many years. The University of Vermont stands on the crest of the hill overlooking the city.

Remaining here until the following morning, we started southward at an early hour on the 17th. After passing the villages of Westport and Port Henry on the N.Y. side—the latter with extensive iron works—we came in sight of Crown Point, a high promontory on which is a light-house and the ruins of Fort Frederick. The latter was built by the French in 1731 but was captured by the English in 1759. It subsequently fell into the hands of the Americans under Ethan Allen. Proceeding still farther southward and enjoying the superb scenery on both sides of the lake as we sped along, we soon arrived at Fort Ticonderoga, the most historically interesting place in this vicinity. The old fort on the high bluff near the steamboat wharf is in a dilapidated condition, but enough remains of its ruined bastions to make it a charming object for the study of those who revere the memory of the early days of the American nation.

Ticonderoga is a corruption of an Indian name signifying "The tail of the lake," and referring to the narrow portion of the lake south of this point. The French were the first to fortify the place. They built a fort here in 1755 and named it Carillon. The same year it was strongly garrisoned and was held by them until 1759. In 1758 General Abercrombie sailed down Lake George (which flows into Lake Champlain at this point) from Fort William Henry, and attacked Carillon with a force of 17,000 British regulars and provincials. He was repulsed with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded; Lord Howe, his second in command being among the killed. In 1759 General Amherst advanced against the fort with a force of 12,000 men, regulars and militia, and the French were obliged to abandon it. It was greatly strengthened by the English and was held by them until 1775, when on May 10th Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys surprised and captured it. On Burgoyne's advance down the Hudson in 1777 it again fell into British hands, and was occupied by them until Burgoyne's surrender to Gates in October of that year.

After leaving Fort "Ti" (as it is called by the people here) we entered the southern portion of Lake Champlain—which is here very narrow and winding—and passing several unimportant stopping places, arrived in Whitehall, N.Y., about 2 p.m. From here the entire party immediately took train for Saratoga Springs, N.Y., a distance of about forty miles. An hour's run brought us to this much-talked-of and fashionable resort, where tens of thousands of Americans yearly spend their time and money drinking the far-famed mineral waters so lavishly supplied by nature.

Our space will not admit of a description of Saratoga, with its magnificent hotels and enchanting drives and parks. Few tourists on this continent are unacquainted with its natural advantages as a summer resort, and we proceed with a description of the remaining portion of the trip.

Monday morning, the 19th, found us again at "Fort Ti," from which place we were conveyed in open cars to Baldwin, on Lake George, a run of about five miles through a wild and barren tract of country, which abounds, however, with romantic glens and waterfalls. This short stretch of railroad is to avoid the rapids which mark the descent of the waters of Lake George into those of Lake Champlain. On reaching Baldwin we found the palatial steamer Horicon, Captain Russell, awaiting the arrival of the train. This boat makes daily trips to the head of Lake George and return, and is well adapted for pleasure travelling, being spacious and comfortable throughout, and affording excellent facilities for observing the scenery along the shores. All being on board the Horicon, we commenced to thread the narrow waters of this gem of American lakes, the very name of which has a charm for those who have visited it before.

Lake George is 36 miles long, and from one to three miles in width. The Indian name is "Horicon" (the Silvery Waters), which, like many other Indian names, has an appropriateness, which our unromantic English often lacks. The French discovered the lake in 1609, and named it Saint Sacrement. The loyal Britons, however, afterwards re-christened it Lake George, in honor of George I, their sovereign, and this name still prevails.

The whole extent of the lake furnishes a ceaseless succession of pictures, which have for years engaged the pencils of our best landscape artists. Its waters are almost surrounded by steep and rugged mountains, some of which tower like sentinels above the bosom of the lake, while numerous islands dot the surface of the latter, separating its clear waters into bays, coves, and rocky channels. A sail up or down the lake presents an ever-varying panorama of beautiful and distinct views. In some places the mountains rise abruptly from the banks, in others quiet valleys, hollowed out among the hills, reveal the grand proportions of the heights beyond, and give glimpses of shadowy vistas which rival Arcadian magnificence. At several points along the lake, the hand of art has been busy, and to Nature's wild and romantic beauty has been added the decorative taste of the summer residents of Lake George, who live upon its islands and shores. Handsome cottages and graceful arbors are interspersed among the natural shade-trees which adorn the banks, and the effect produced by their painted gables, and gay streamers half hidden among the green bushes, is very pretty. Pleasure skiffs dart in and out among the islands, and are again lost to view among the nooks and recesses of the rocky shore. The summer sun throws a flood of light upon the entire scene, and the general air of repose which haunts this enchanted region seems to invite the traveller to rest and contentment.

"Where days delicious glide,
And rippling tide
And sylvan shores their charms divide."

After a three hours' sail the Horicon arrived at Fort

William Henry, at the head of the lake, where our party disembarked. This is the principal point of attraction and resort on Lake George, not only on account of its unequalled beauty of scenery and situation, but because of the excellent hotel, which can accommodate twelve hundred guests, and supply their wants on a most liberal scale. The Fort William Henry Hotel has long been known and patronized by visitors to Lake George, and its enviable reputation increases year by year. It is a large and commodious structure, and commands an extensive view of the lake. Its site is on the ruins of the old fort which was built here by the English about 1755, shortly after a victory which they had obtained over the French. Here, in the year 1757, occurred the memorable massacre of British soldiers, their wives and children, which has stained with disgrace the annals of modern warfare. Nine thousand French, under Montcalm, had invested the fort, which, after a siege of nine days, surrendered; Col. Munro, the commander, having stipulated that the garrison should march out with the honors of war, and one of the four cannons of the fort, with their baggage and baggage-waggons, and an escort of 500 men to Fort Edward, farther south. But the terms of surrender were disregarded, and the disarmed and defenceless troops were surrounded and attacked by the Indians of Montcalm's army, and a most horrible slaughter ensued. A few survivors, fleeing for their lives, escaped to Fort Edward. One historian says: "The revolting scenes of this day have stained the memory of Montcalm with the blackest infamy." The French did not attempt to hold the fort. In 1758 General Abercrombie, with 7,000 regulars and 10,000 provincials, embarked on 900 bateaux and 135 boats, and passed down the lake with all the glittering pageantry of war, to assail Fort Ticonderoga. They failed of their purpose, and four days after returned, shattered and broken, with a loss of 2,000 killed and wounded, to Fort William Henry.

In 1759 Gen. Amherst, with 12,000 men, advanced to Lake George, and while waiting to complete his arrangements, commenced to build Fort George (the ruins of which can still be seen) about one-half mile east from Fort William Henry. When Gen. Amherst advanced against Fort Ticonderoga the French withdrew to Crown Point, and afterwards to Isle Aux Noix. Quebec fell soon after—1760—the vast military works of Fort William Henry, Forts George, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point were of no further use.

Upon the very spot which witnessed so many of the horrors of war, and which ran with the blood of martyred innocents, the Great Hotel at Fort William Henry now stands, and instead of the harsh regime of a garrisoned fort, there is now the gaiety and freedom of American watering-place life.

We found the hotel comfortably filled with guests, many of whom were permanent boarders. There was the usual demand for amusement, and a children's ball in consequence took place on the evening of our visit. In the latter part of the evening, while the larger portion of the guests were enjoying themselves on the front piazza of the hotel, several of our party took the opportunity of indulging in a quiet row by moonlight on the placid waters of the lake. Leaving behind us the brilliant lights of the hotel, we pushed off from the shore, and paddled a few miles down the lake. The scenery was doubly entrancing in the pale light of the moon, which hung like a silver globe in the cloudless sky. The mountains seemed to lift their heads still higher in the uncertain light, and their shadows falling upon the surface of the lake wreathed themselves into fantastic shapes, through which we sailed with a kind of mingled awe and admiration. The aborigines used to worship at the shrine of this lake, calling it the "holy lake," and we could imagine their untutored minds bow-

ing with instinctive reverence as they watched the play of the water in its various moods. Sometimes, when a breeze would spring up, as the lake is here very deep, the surface would become agitated in an instant and its calm appearance give place to long and rolling swells. Then, when the breeze had died away, the polished-like surface would re-appear and not a ripple be seen to disturb the quiet calm of the sacred waters. To a non-superstitious observer the charm of the natural surroundings are scarcely less inspiring. The mountains which environ the lake on all sides seem to shut out the busy world, and the stillness which pervades the entire region is not lost upon the traveller, over whose mind there insensibly steals a feeling of quiet contentment.

Returning to this hotel we remained until the following morning, when we again embarked on the Horicon homeward bound. As the return trip was made over the same route by which we had reached Lake Champlain, and as the different points along this route have already been described at length, it is unnecessary to dwell, in detail, on the incidents which occurred during the return voyage. Our own steamer, the Ruby, met us at "Fort Ti," having received the addition of a new wheel, and receiving us on board, immediately started for home. After numerous delays, Montreal was reached on Thursday afternoon, and a few hours spent in the city. Leaving the metropolis of Canada again, we came up through the canals with all possible speed, reaching home on Saturday evening the 24th July.

Our reception at the different places in U.S. Territory where we had occasion to stop was friendly in the extreme, and the colors on our flag-mast were uniformly accorded the respect which is their due. We passed out of the territory of our American cousins with a reciprocity of good feeling, which a repetition of such excursions as ours will go far in maintaining.

No finer scenery of its kind can be found anywhere than among our own Thousand Islands. It was aptly remarked by a member of our party that with the addition of a few mountains for a background, the scenery of the upper St. Lawrence would surpass any fresh water scenery in the world. The Champlain region derives its attractiveness largely from the mountainous nature of the country, and is a favorite route with tourists. It is easily accessible from Montreal and will amply repay a more or less lengthened visit.

W.J.S.

THE SONG OF THE SOPH.

Hood (Slightly Altered.)

I. — BEFORE THE EXAMS.

With brain all muddled and mixed; with eyelids heavy and red,
A Sophomore sat in a cozy den with both hands holding his head;
Cram! Cram! Cram! Could he never have worked enough?
Yet still with his thoughts on the next exam, he hummed the "Song of the Soph."

Work! Work! Work! while he should be enjoying a snooze,
And work—work—work—or else a man to lose;
A little loafing might ease his mind, but, ah, there's that exam,
So settle down to work he must, and keep up a steady cram.

Think! Think! Think! till the brain begins to swim,
Read! Read! Read! till the eyes are heavy and dim,
Logic, and Latin, and Greek are mixed up in a heap,
Till over his book he begins to nod, and finally falls asleep.

Oh, Professors, you once were Sophs, did you go through this toll?
Have pity, then, on this poor Soph, "burning the midnight oil";

Think of the work he has put in, how he's attended class,
He's done his best, be merciful, and kindly let him pass!

II. — AFTER EXAMS.

Plucked! Plucked! Plucked! The Soph again in his den,
Bemoaning his fate, to a fellow-Soph, another of those "plucked men,"
"That Latin was marked so close;" "The Pol. Econ. paper was tough,"
Alas! though they'd worked with vigor, it hadn't been quite enough.

Plucked! Plucked! Plucked! And home they go weary and worn,
Freshman, and Junior, and Soph, each looking all forlorn.
"Going up in the fall?" "I suppose I must, or take the class once more."
He tries to smile, but it is no use, his heart is heavy and sore.

Oh! for a place in that happy band of those who have "got through all,"
Oh! to be out of the unfortunate crowd who have to "go up in the fall!"

A single pause would have eased his heart, and made him look less blue,
Yet the fates have ordered otherwise, and he is "plucked all through."

With brain all muddled and mixed, and a face denoting pain,
The Sophomore nears his home and seeks his books again.
Work! Work! Work! all summer he'll have to cram;
And again he hums the "Song of the Soph."
(Would that its tone might reach some Prof.)
This student who'd "lost his exam."

—By a Victim.

SELECTED.

GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

PART II.

(Washington Jeffersonian.)

AN attempt has been made in a preceding article to set forth in a general way the nature of a German University and the work which the student has to perform. Now let us see the student at play. What, then, are the German student's amusements? Many, I would reply, answering in a general way. However, his chief pastimes admit of definite classification. The first in point of rank, if not in point of frequency, is duelling, the second beer-drinking.

Notwithstanding the prevalent European sentiment against duelling, as being a relic of barbarism, the practice is still kept up, and will be kept up, as long as con-
vived at by the university authorities. The municipal law is also in a measure party to this connivance.

Some Frenchman has said that the Germans have long been educated, but are not yet civilized, and backs up the statement by referring to the disgraceful practice of duelling. On the other hand Germans of culture and high standing think that although duelling in itself is repulsive, the general tendency of the custom is to awaken and foster courage and a high sense of honor in the mind of the young and inexperienced student. The statement is made, I know not on how good authority, that in the Franco-German war the Generals who displayed most signal courage and daring were also the heroes of the university duel. In the case of Bismarck it is well known that he was a champion with the broad sword when at the university.

The common mode of duelling is with the so-called

Schlager (Striker.) The Schlager, a species of broadsword, has a basket hilt and dull blade slightly tipped at the point. Those rare specimens of this weapon, "wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine," often grace the emblazonry of the student's room. Duelling is chiefly confined to the corps or fraternities and forms an important factor in the student's promotion through the different grades of the secret order. Offences as grounds for challenging are usually of a mere nominal character, and as such understood. The common method of challenge and acceptance consists in a mere exchange of cards. The offended says: *Darf ich um Ihre Karte bitten?* (May I ask for your card?) The offender either by silence refuses, or in acceptance replies: *Sehr angenehm.* (With pleasure). The time and place of the duel are then secretly determined upon by the seconds. The two combatants are heavily padded from the shoulders to the knees. A basket-helmet protects the head and neck, and by an ingenious appliance the eyes and nose are guarded, so that the forehead and cheeks are the only vulnerable points. The seconds stand close by with drawn rapiers and strike between the combatants when a wound is inflicted, while the judge of the duel takes down in a note-book a tally of the hits.

Fifteen minutes is the regular time of fighting—rests not taken into the reckoning. Few duels of this class prove fatal, to life at least, if very fatal to personal appearance. And yet it is said that German ladies, by some strange perversion of taste, admire this kind of scarred face and hieroglyphical lines of beauty. Occasionally duels with sabres and without any defensive armor are fought, and in late years cases have become frequent of resorting to the American method of settling disputes as popularly practiced on the western frontier. Foreigners are seldom, if ever, challenged by German students, and indeed it is a rare case that a foreigner can gain so much as admittance to the scene of carnage.

At the German university the student *imbibes* more than philosophy. Before Auerbach's Keller in Leipzig is to be seen a life-size picture of Faust astride a wine barrel, and under it a quotation from Goethe's drama, wherein the poet makes allusion to this famous student-resort.

Goethe was himself an ardent lover of the juice of the grape, and is said to have consumed daily three bottles of Rhine wine. Luther himself was not dead to the seductive charms of Bacchus, as proof of which favorite quotations from the sayings of the world's reformer may be seen flaunted in gay colors on the banner of the club-room. The following verses of doubtful authenticity are popularly attributed to Luther:

Wer Kennt nicht Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang.

The literal translation is:

Who knoweth not wine, wife and song,
Remains a fool his whole life long.

Gambrius has in late years superseded Bacchus. With this weight of authority and respectability by way of preamble, I may safely approach the subject of beer-

drinking as a university pastime. Beer-drinking, however stimulating in itself, does not stimulate every one very much as a subject for unbiased discussion, especially in a country where purity of morals is presumably symbolized by pure cold water.

Perhaps it is well to state in the outset that beer-drinking as an amusement does not obtain extensively among German students, divested of its social phase. The drink may be regarded rather as a means to enlarged sociability and good fellowship, than as the supreme end of the student's existence. The ridiculous stories, told about German students' excesses in this matter, find explanation, first from the *weakness* of the beverage, and secondly from the fact that *time* is a great element in its consumption.

The "Commers" or beer-bout is an important, though oft-recurring, event in the life of the student, and finds its approximate counterpart in the American fraternity banquet. An elaborate system of etiquette prevails at the beer-bout, as in everything the student does. To drink alone is not polite, and accordingly one must drink to the health of some near neighbor, using the established form of toast: *ich Komme Ihnen vor*, (freely: I challenge you), to which the neighbor replies: *ich Komme nach*, (I follow, or I accept).

The one accepting such a challenge may, however, utilize his draught by challenging at the same moment some one else. Thus the ball is kept rolling. If the draughts threaten to follow in too quick succession, a bow in reply to a challenge secures a cessation of hostilities for three minutes, and then the battle is renewed.

In the *corps* the *Fuechse* (foxes), or freshmen, in order to prove themselves an honor to the society to which they belong, must acquit themselves heroically in responding to toasts. A part of the ordeal of initiation requires new members to take the undignified position of standing in a group on the long table in the presence of all the company and there display their bibulous powers. To precipitate a whole litre of the barley brew at one draught is the least that will pass as an example of gambrinian heroism. The so called *salamander* is, however, the grand climax in the drinking art.

Borrowing a military figure, the salamander may be denominated a broadside fired in salutation of some honored guest.

The passing officers of the beer-bout, sitting at each end of the long table, armed with heavy rapiers, strike three vigorous strokes on the oaken board. All rise to their feet with well-filled glasses in hand—the rapiers clash again—glass clinks to glass across the board, another signal, and as if by the power of some magic wand the glasses are empty—and as the revellers take their seats they roll upon the table with their empty glasses a kind of triumphant tattoo. Music, the natural attendant of revelry, is not wanting at the wassail-bout. Between the hum and buzz of many voices may be sometimes detected the struggling notes of an orchestra. The musicians are engaged rather to fill in with some kind of music

the nooks and corners of what would otherwise be superfluous silence, than that they should figure conspicuously in the evening's programme. At a signal from the presiding officers, and in obedience to the words, *Es steige der Canto*—let the song arise—all arise and sing. The chorus which follows is full and strong, but, judged strictly from a musical standpoint, would not be above criticism. The basso part generally preponderates. The songs are sung from a book specially adapted for such occasions. The book is bound in a strong water-proof cover, armed with projecting nails, to prevent its muddation when laid on the table.

In most German cities the municipal regulations require all revelry to cease at the seemingly hour of 2 o'clock in the morning, but thirsty students anticipate matters by paying the fine in advance, and then follow the sentiment expressed in the familiar American song, "We won't go home till morning." The somewhat modified epicurean motto, *Dum bibimus bibamus*, finds universal application at the beer-symposium. Grimm, if living, might find here an interesting progression of mutes.

The indisposition which follows in the wake of a wail-night is called in German student slang, *Kater*, (*Cat. m.*) The *Kater* is of three degrees—the common *Kater*, the wild *Kater* and the grave *Elend*, or *grim horror*. The uninitiated may venture with impunity to the second degree, relying on a well-fortified stomach and strong nerves. But woe be to the tyro who recklessly plunges into the gulf of "grim horror."

Among the minor amusements of the German student may be mentioned the theatre, cafe, concerts, balls, ninepins, and the *Kneipe*. The *Kneipe*, or club-room, is an epitomized form or abridgement of the *Commerz*.

A favorite sport is for a band of students to go on a short pedestrian tour to some neighboring village, take supper there, and return either on foot or by railway. However, it must be said to the honor of the German students that no matter how pernicious the tendencies of some of their amusements, they all possess the virtue at least of being *manly*. The German student never in any of his sports intrudes upon the rights of others. The evils of his pastimes all rest with himself. If a student is intent on study and cares nothing for *Kneipe* or duel, he can feel safe in staying in his own room or go on his quiet way to and from lectures without any fear of "body-snatchers."

The unmanly practice of "hazing" is as unknown to the German student as duelling to the American collegian. The great and boasted quality of the German student is *Gemüthlichkeit*—a word which almost bids defiance to a close translation. Sociability, hospitality, friendliness and agreeableness, all enter more or less into this word, the length of which would naturally suggest a very compound character. And yet with all their sociability students have no ambition to lead off into forbidden paths those who have conscientious scruples against the national amusements. To the German it is a matter of no small surprise that the American collegian is from first to last more or less a mere schoolboy. That is, his course of study is laid out for him beforehand, he has little or no choice in the matter of selecting studies; an account is made of his recitations, a record kept of his conduct, a nominal though in most cases, alas! a very ineffectual system of discipline is in vogue, and with the exception of number of years and advanced standard of studies, the American undergraduate does not differ essentially from the German pupil of the gymnasium, or from our own schoolboy of the academy or high school. College students are not left to themselves entirely as are the students of German universities. The element of personal responsibility is left sight of, and the inferior discipline of many of our colleges, which is made a substitute for self-govern-

ment, is all the more conspicuous from its inefficiency. The question of college discipline has been lately raised in many of the public prints, and perhaps a slight digression here on that line will be pardonable. When a comparison is drawn between the discipline of the German university and the American college the decision is at once rendered in favor of the European system. Can the European system, however, be successfully applied to American colleges? As a general rule it can not. Why? Because the average age of the American college student is far below that of the German university student. A law which is very good for men is not always good for boys. Students of the German university are supposed to be in quest of learning and not on the lookout for fun. If they want fun they must find it outside of the university halls. Parents who send their sons to the university do not expect the professors to look after their morals in any manner whatsoever. They are considered young men, reasonable, responsible human beings. If they are not, and suffer from the consequences of their own folly, the fault is their own. On the other hand the American collegian is sent to some institution where the *tone* and *moral influence* are supposed to be good, and the fond parents expect—and in most cases it is only expectation—that their darling boy will be led by fostering hands along the narrow path of rigid morals. Take away the expectation of the patrons of American colleges, and let the students be of responsible age when they enter college, and there seems to be no reasonable objection why the European system should not find successful application to American colleges. True, there are great disadvantages to many students under the European system. Not a few young men of promise and of talents, but lacking the rare talent of self-control fall by the wayside. But what is their loss is another's gain. Is it not better that a few should perish and many be saved than that all should be hindered by the faults of the few? The American college discipline as such fails in most cases from being a hybrid combination of the severity of the grammar-school and the liberty of the university. It is neither hot nor cold, it is *lukewarm* discipline. One student is expelled for drunkenness, which is at most a personal matter, while another is allowed to act the clown in the recitation-room, thus thwarting the very purpose of going to college, besides robbing his fellow-students of precious instruction, and his crime goes unpunished. The German professors have nothing at all to do with discipline. Not even in their own rooms are they responsible for order. The professor lectures away, all in love with his subject, and fritters away no time in attempting to penetrate the cast-iron skull of some dullard or in sermonizing an incorrigible student into a sense of his impropriety.

There are no police-court faculty meetings. Hours of precious time and of more precious patience are not wasted in determining the all-important question of whether M.A. intentionally "skipped" the recitation in Moral Philosophy or whether he really had sectarian principles so dear to his sectarian heart that he could not bear such and such a professor's interpretation of the subject.

Members of the faculty in the German university do not need to be at the same time a standing Board of Health to decide the real or apparent illness of so many students. But so far as discipline has a real meaning in the German university, it is at once simple and effective. The delinquent is reported by civil officers or by others to the University Court. Here he is tried by the Rector and the University Judge, who is a governing official. The trial is purely legal and appeals in no way to the young man's moral nature. Tears are as unbecoming as they are ineffectual. The punishments, in proportion to the degree of the offence, are fine, imprisonment in the University Carcer and expulsion.

Expulsion from any German university means expulsion from all within the domain of the whole German Empire. The name of the expelled student is posted up on the bulletin-board of every university in the Empire. But this exclusion from the seats of learning is a trifle compared to the indelible stigma branded upon the name of such an unfortunate. He can never hold any office of honor or trust, can never be admitted to any of the learned professions, or attain any political position whatever. He is practically an exile among his own countrymen.

UNIVERSITY SERMON.

AT the request of a number of the readers of the JOURNAL we give a report of the military sermon preached by Principal Grant in Convocation Hall on Sunday, 16th April. The Rev. preacher took his text from the words:

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ."
—Timothy ii. 3.

This exhortation of Saul to his young fellow-laborer Timothy represents the Christian life in analogy with the soldier's life. It is singular how frequently St. Paul made this comparison, and the reason he did so in the text was, it is suggested, because Timothy was a man of gentle and timid nature. On this account Paul was strongly attracted to him, just as Elijah was attracted to the comparatively mild Elisha, and the stormful, restless Peter to the timid John. What has the Christian to do with fighting? it may be asked. Would it not be better for Christians to get up a universal peace society? to declare that war shall and must cease? This has been urged again and again by men and women who satisfy themselves with a text instead of considering the cause and consequence of war. Men talk of drying up the outflowing stream without thinking that the fountain from which the stream originates is the real sinner. Instead of asking, Why should there be such a thing as war? would it not be a more sensible thing to go to the root of the matter and ask, Why is there such a thing as evil in the world? Where evil is there should be battle. Reform in civil society, of even the constitution or creed and discipline of a church, is attended with contest. The military profession, then, represents the true conception of the Christian life. Let us do all we can to promote universal peace. That is the aim of the military profession—to bring war to an end. Society, if it really desires peace, must prepare for war, or it will be a very foolish society. The Church, if it would reach the millenium, must be militant. We are continually fighting evil of some sort. A man is base who will not fight for truth and the true cause, and a nation dumb that has lost its military spirit.

God's most perfect instrument for working out his intent is arrayed in actual slaughter. "Yes, carnage is his daughter," sings the most spiritual poet of the 19th century. We shudder at the language. It seems so terrible. If we do not understand it we cannot understand history. Conflict tends to purify and strengthen character. The honor of the military profession is proverbial. The atmosphere of the camp is not favourable for lying. Truth, uprightness, humility, respect for authority, a chivalrous care for the weak, and a chivalrous defence from the strong, are the characteristics of the soldier. "And when I witness," said the Dr., "as I have witnessed, sometimes, quibbling and evasion in church courts, the contradictions between private opinion in questions and the public vote in the General Assembly, the effeminacy and sentimental pietism which make some bend to the desires and feelings of others, I have sadly pondered upon the problem how best to secure for the servants of the church the discipline of camps, that sense of honor which

usually characterizes the servants of the Queen." And this is so with the military profession, in accordance with the teachings of scripture. Even in the New Testament, the gospel of peace, military men are always referred to with respect. Speaking of the soldiers of the present day, Dr. Grant said that many enlist from high motives, they fight in defence of liberty and humanity, of homes and altars, and "defence, not defiance," is the motto written upon the banners of the volunteers of every nation. If the military profession represents the true side of Christian life, it follows that a Christian must be a soldier, and we can learn what is expected of a good Christian by noting what is expected of a good soldier. In ancient times men fled from evil, Modern pietism perceives its effect upon society, but refuses to strike a blow at the mischievous element. There is a difference between manly and mawkish piety. One fights the evil in and outside of us; the other calls evil by pious names and yields to it. The one displays the true military spirit, ready for work and self-sacrifice; the other is all cant, wrapped in unnatural swaddling bands. The one follows Christ; the other his own standard. But how may we endure hardness?

1. In preparation for work. The soldier would be of little use but for his course in drill, marching, carrying weight, and practice in the use of weapons, and he knows the value of discipline and drill, even when the company is perfect in these things. They have been the success of the Prussian army even since the reign of Frederick the Great. Drill has been constant, and only second to that of actual war for thoroughness. The Christian then must submit to a daily exercising in the truth, must distinguish the commands and bugle blasts, must keep his eye fixed upon his Lord. The one who fails here fails when the crisis comes. Raw hands are useless in the storm at sea. In the distress of battle one veteran regiment is worth three of raw recruits. This has been proven from the days of the Romans until Roberts marched triumphantly to Candahar.

2. The soldier endures hardness by watching. He dare not sleep at his post, because not only his life may be forfeited, but those of thousands. No wonder that neglect of duty is treated as a crime, that men are shot for it. The Christian has many foes to contend against; they have enemies within the lines. The Captain has given the order to "watch and pray." The wary foe sometimes gets the best of us before we are aware of it. It is hard to watch, harder than to work and fight. It is pleasanter to sleep, to search for flowers, taking it for granted that there is no danger because the enemy is not seen. "I say unto you watch; the flesh is weak, Resist its appeals the tendency is to fall back upon your first love and faith."

3. Endure hardness by discharging all the duties incumbent upon you. Many are the hardships of the soldier's life. The fight does not try him most, but dirty work in the trenches, in the cold of winter, forced marches in the muddy or sweltering weather, hunger, thirst, delayed promotion and unrecognized services. The true spirit carries the soldier through all. Here, too, the Christian finds his counterpart. The essence of his life should be activity. He should undertake cheerfully everything that the Great Captain desires him to do or suffer. It may seem as though there is no profit in the labour, but there is. There may be delay in recognition and payment, a great accumulation of arrears and interest, yet the reward comes, and shame unto him who gives up in discontent.

4. Endure hardness in the hour of actual fighting, when brought face to face with the foe. It is possible for a man to become an expert in the use of weapons, to be drilled and act the soldier creditably for years, but at the supreme moment, when he looks into the eyes of his enemy, to be found wanting. So it is with much of the virtue and

truth and goodness coupled with the Christianity of the world. Many a man is considered honest who is not so, and the fact is not known because he is not tried. The Christians have no right to expect that God will exempt them from temptation; rather they should count it all joy, as James did, to be called upon to suffer divers trials, that their faith might be made more perfect.

In ordinary life the Christian is just like any other man. There is no distinction between the real and unreal Christian. But the decisive moment comes and the distinction is quite apparent. Then the soldier appears, the unnoticed and previously unknown heroes of God, the sons and daughters who shine out with peculiar splendour at this time. Now stands up young Joseph to do braver battle than did the Spartans at Thermopylae. Young David was equal to the occasion when he slew Goliath. The turning point in Solomon's life was when he asked for wisdom rather than wealth. Following these came many whom the fire of passion had tried. Many a contractor or merchant might have made by dishonest accounts, many a politician might have changed his sails to catch the changing gusts of popular opinion, many a student scorned the rewards of merit that he did not earnestly work for. They all endured hardness and conquered. There were others who, in ordinary circumstances, might have been chaste and true, but at the supreme moment, when tried, they failed. Why? Simply because they had not trained themselves to endure hardness.

Addressing the students particularly, the preacher said that if a student came to college insufficiently prepared, or if, during the session, he was heedless and self-confident, if he was neglectful of the old work and the monthly examinations, when the crisis came physically and intellectually he would be unfitted for it. No ordinary student, who has been earnest and honest, can fail. It is infinitely more desirable to fail now, however, than to carry to another year honors obtained under false pretences. The falsity will be found out sooner or later, better soon than late. A temporary defeat may be turned into a permanent victory. If successful the student must remember that all has not been accomplished. The Christian has many duties imposed upon him. "My son, Timothy," said Paul, "you have done a good work in the past; endure hardness." Paul's life had been singularly eventful, full of trials, and discouragements, and failures, yet he could say to Timothy, "It is a good service; serve as a good soldier, and the commander will recompense you well. I have tried to do my duty; I have not been deceived." The Duke of Wellington said that many a red jacket was not a soldier. Some are mere marionettes, whose systems break down in actual warfare; some are cowards, some rebels. So, too, a great many Christians dishonour the name of Christ. There are some students who dishonour their University. This should not be. Men should consider it a joy to be summoned to the front, to lead a forlorn hope if need be. After the Crimean war a proclamation was issued to have the returned British army paraded before the Queen. The display took place at Aldershot, in the presence of Her Majesty and her glittering retinue. Upon whom were all eyes turned? Not the Guards, though they walked forward like a living wall. Not the Highlanders, who matched the Guards in their stately tread. Not the Engineers or the Artillery, not the Lancers nor the glorious Greys, but that motley company who marched to the grand stand with an irregularity that was strange for a British army. Some walked, some were led, some were carried, the bruised, the battered and broken heroes of the war; these were the fearless and the peerless ones. As to each the Queen spoke, and with her own fingers pinned upon his breast the Victoria Cross, no one said that the reward was not

enough. There is another war day coming. And when the work for Christ is over the return march will be made. "Home, brothers, home?" Their faces shall reflect the Father's smile, and His reward shall be, "Well done, brother, well done, sister, enter thou into the mansions beyond."

THE MUSEUM.

WE have much pleasure in informing our readers that since our last notice of the museum several valuable additions have been received from friends. As collections of objects of Natural History are very far from being adequate to the wants of the University, our friends may rest assured that all specimens presented will be thankfully received and properly cared for. Among the new arrivals the following are especially interesting:—

From Prof. Brown, of the Agricultural College, Guelph:

A large portfolio containing specimens of the different varieties of wheat, oats, and other grains grown in Canada. The large, well-filled ears show that our climate, as well as soil, is well adapted for the growth of cereals.

From the museum of the Geological Survey, Ottawa.

Cast of the remarkable Potsdam sandstone tracks *Protichnites*, found at Beauharuois, P.Q. These are among the oldest fossils in Canada, and are exceedingly interesting to the student of Palaeontology.

A cast of *Climactichnites Wilsoni*, a peculiar looking fossil, supposed to be the trail of some molluscous animal of the same age as the preceding. The original was discovered by the late Dr. James Wilson, of Perth, in the neighbourhood of the town.

A slab with ripple marks from the Potsdam of Beauharuois.

A cast of *Sauropus Unguifer* tracks from the carboniferous sandstone of River Philip, N.S. These Batrachian tracks are frequently found in the quarries of the locality named.

From Dr. Robert Bell, Assistant Director of Geological Survey.

A mounted specimen of the Polar Bear (*Thalarectos Maritimus*) and a fine specimen of the Barren Ground Caribou from the far north. These two have been splendid animals and are especially valuable, being rarely found in collections.

«COLLEGE WORLD.»

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

THIS new departure in American classical study will be begun Oct. 2nd, 1882. The school was projected by the Archaeological Institute of America and organized under the auspices of some of our leading colleges. Its object is to furnish graduates of American colleges an opportunity to study classical literature, art and antiquities at Athens, under suitable direction; to prosecute original research in these subjects and to co-operate with the Institute in the exploration and excavation of classic sites.

The director is chosen by the committee appointed by the Institute from the Professors of Greek uniting in the establishment of the school. He will superintend personally the work of each member of the school, and hold meetings of the school at stated times for discussion and consultation. Bachelors of Arts of the co-operating colleges will be admitted to the school on certificate from their colleges stating their competency to pursue an independent course of classical study.

The school year extends from Oct. 1st to June 1st, during which time members will be required to prosecute their studies in Greece. The studies for the remaining four months necessary to complete a full year, the shortest period for which a certificate will be given, may be carried on in Greece or elsewhere. Each student will pursue some definite subject of research, and will present yearly one or more theses embodying the results of his work. No fees are to be paid to the school. On the other hand the school has no means of providing its students any allowance for expenses, which will amount to about \$720 annually. The Director for the year 1882-83 is Prof. W.W. Goodwin, of Harvard. The Secretary is Thos. W. Ludlow, 244 East 13th Street, N.Y. Harvard is represented on the committee by Professors Norton and White; Columbia by Prof. Drisler; Johns Hopkins by Prof. Gildersleeve; Brown by Prof. Harkness; Yale by Prof. Packard, and Princeton by Prof. Gloane.—*Acta Columbiana*.

From letters received it appears that the Chinese Students recently recalled have been subjected to many acts of injustice at the hands of their countrymen. For several days they were held in confinement in a deserted building. They quite won the hearts of several of their people by their rendition of such college songs as "Come Landlord," "Updee," etc. They were disheartened, but at the same time highly amused by the primitive ways of their native land, and are extremely anxious to return to America.—*Record*.

This is the excuse, according to the *Orient*, which Oberlin gave for not entering the College Regatta: "Impossible to come East. Two horrible cases of tobacco-chewing have been found right in our midst. These will require all our attention."—*Ex*.

THE Concord School of Philosophy will hold another session this year under the direction of the same officers. Prof. Harris, Mr. Alcott, Mr. Albee, Dr. Bartol, Mrs. Howe, President Porter, and others, will lecture on various philosophical subjects. The term will occupy four weeks instead of five, as last year, and will begin July 17.—*N.Y. Tribune*.

❖BON MOTS.❖

SNODGINS says his new silk hat is like the whooping-cough—loud, but he had to have it.—*Lampoon*.

SCENE :—Lecture Room. Prof. (lifting one foot on his knee). "Here, gentlemen, is another prominent feature." (Applause drowns the last syllable).—*Collegian*.

At a German ball. Lieutenant: "Did you not say your father has an estate in Silesia?" Young lady: "Yes, and two in Pomerania." Lieutenant: "And can you still doubt my love?"—*Herald*.

There was a young lady in Gloucester,
Whose parents thought they had loucester;
But a violent breeze

Blew her out of the treeze,
Into which the old bull had toucester.—*Chronicle*.

First Senior (who is reading up on Napoleon)—"Say, Jack, have you ever read Abbott's Life of Napoleon?" **Second Senior**—"Yes; that is, I have read to where Napoleon is divorced from Josephine." **First Senior**—"Oh, confound you, man, don't tell me how the thing turns out!"—*College Transcript*.

"PAIR o'dice lost," as the youth remarked after an unexpected visit from the Prof.—*Ex*.

" 'Tis midnight, and the setting sun
Is rising in the glorious West!
The rapid rivers slowly run!
The frog is on his downy nest!
The pensive goat and sportive cow,
Hilarious, hop from bough to bough!"

—*Freshman in the Chronicle*.

MOORE was very fond of writing epitaphs. The following is an example:

"Here lies John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law,
And when he died,
The devil cried,
'Give us your paw,
John Shaw,
Attorney-at-law!'"

At night: some students singing " 'Tis love that makes the world go round!" Old gentleman, who is leaning against a lamp-post: "Zthought th' was something wrong about that whiskey."—*Mercury*.

TEACHER to small boy: "What does the proverb say about those who live in glass houses?" Small boy: "Pull down the blinds."—*Institute Index*.

A SUMMER-DAY'S SPORT.

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

Canto I.

Boy,
Gun,
Joy,
Fun.

Canto II.

Gun,
Bust,
Boy,
Cussed.

—*Ex*.

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Poor unhappy maidens we
Maid forever, probably.
Many years we've laid for students,
Sacrificing pride and prudence;
Mashing Freshmen, green and silly,
Praising Sophomore's wicked folly.
Petted, loved (?) engaged to Juniors,
LEFT, at last, by cruel Seniors.
Handed down from one to other,
Till our age 'tis hard to cover.
Now no hope we have to marry,
But our aching hearts must carry.
Till some trader, prof. or tutor,
Takes us in the distant future.
Woe to us! Unhappy misses;
Curse the students and their kisses.

—*Orient*.